The fair Lady of the Weſt:

AND

The fortunate Farmers Son.

Relating, how a Gallant young Lady in the *Weſt*-Country, Being courted by many Perſons of Quality, refuſed them all, and caſt her Affections upon a Farmer's Son; to whom ſhe diſcovered her love; And, having neither Father nor Mother living to Contradict her, they were privately Married to both their Hearts deſire; And now, live in joy and happy Content.

This may a pattern be to young and old;
True Love is to be vallued more than Gold.

Tune of, *A gallant Damoſel in* Briſtol-*City*, &c. *or*, William *the Weaver*.

A Beauteous Lady of comely carriage,
whom many a gallant ſought in Marriage;
But ſhe, with Modeſty refuſeing
would have a Lover of her own chuſeing.

Both noble Knights, and worthy Squireas,
to gain her love it was their deſires.
But ſhe conſented not to any,
although ſhe courted was by many.

With patience ſhe the time prolonged,
whilſt many Suitors about her thronged:
Which gave her little Satisfaction,
[illegible] did breed diſtraction.

For often-times ſhe would confeſs it,
And to her friends ſhe did expreſs it:
Ye is not come yet, that I ſhall marry;
and therefore, longer I yet muſt tarry.

At length, one day ſhe did diſcover
the party that ſhould be her lover:
A Farmers Son, of briſk behaviour;
Ye is the man muſt win her favour.

Ye wore no Robes oft rich attire,
for to Inflame her hearts deſire:
But yet his perſon did ſo pleaſe her,
that Cupid with his Dart did Deave her.

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STrange fancies in her mind did waver,
that one of low defent should have her:
Yet, by no means, she could withstand it,
since destiny did so command it.

Being thus toss'd in Cogitation,
she asked no ones Approbation:
But sending for her dearest Lover,
to him she did her mind discover.

Quoth she, your pardon, Sir, I crave it,
and by your Looks, I hope to have it:
Call not my modesty in question,
for making of this bold transgression:

My heart is prisoner at your pleasure:
the God of Love hath made a Seizure:
Then let my Love be kindly taken,
that I may never be forsaken.

I want no honour, nor no riches;
'tis onely Love my heart bewitches:
For many a Gallant I disdained,
who my affections here obtained.

Then since it is my happy fortune
your Love at this time to importune:
'Tis your kind Answer I desire,
which for my Love I do require.

The young man being much amazed,
upon her Beauty long he gazed:
Admiring at her great perfection
which brought his heart into Subjection.

At length, being with Love surprized,
this loveing Answer he devized:
And breaking Silence, to her Honour,
he thus replyed in Humble Manner:

Fair Lady, if your love be reall,
I should be loath to make denniall:
But bless my fates for such a fortune,
If of your Love I may be certain.

And Madam, since it is your pleasure,
for to possess me of a Treasure:
Of which, I am so far unworthy,
with heart and Soul, I'le ever love thee.

Although I lowly am descended
with kindness all shall be amended:
And what I want in wealth and Beauty,
I'le make it up in Love and Duty.

Quoth she, for this your loveing Answer,
my hand and heart you shall Command Sir:
And, I will be thy own for ever:
and so they kiss and went together.

And to redeem the time they tarried:
in private they were hastily married:
For why, she had no parents liveing,
for to oppose her marriage giveing.

And now they live with hearts contented,
on neither side it is repented:
I wish all Lovers be so served.
that for their constancy deserve it.

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